Glass Knives

A BENOIT BLANC ZINE

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GLASS KNIVES: A BENOIT BLANC ZINE is a traditional, collaborative, vaguely guerilla zine dedicated to *Knives Out* and *Glass Onion* by Rian Johnson.

This zine was published and made with love by PRESS MANQUÉ.

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This project was organised on stolen land. PRESS MANQUÉ wishes to pay our respects to the traditional custodians of the land, the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation, and their elders, past, present, and emerging. Sovereignity was never ceded.

a message from the editor

DEAR READER,

Thank you kindly for deciding to spend your time with a copy of *Glass Knives: A Benoit Blanc Zine*. It means the world to us.

Knives Out and *Glass Onion* signal that whoddunit films are far from a thing of the past. Witty, thrilling, hilarious, *moving*—this zine was created in celebration of these works of art that captured and resonated with our hearts and imaginations.

This zine is also the first (and hopefully) of many to be published under PRESS MANQUÉ, a newly-established zine press. To our contributors, thank you for taking a chance on us, for trusting us with your brilliant work. We can only hope we treated them with the love and care they deserve.

From the bottom of my heart, thank you—to Rian Johnson for creating this series and its fashion forward, Southern-drawl-having, gentlemanly protagonist; to my team for your endless support; to each and every contributor for your passion and patience...

And to you, dear reader, for being here—in spite of it all.

BELLE/RENAITREVE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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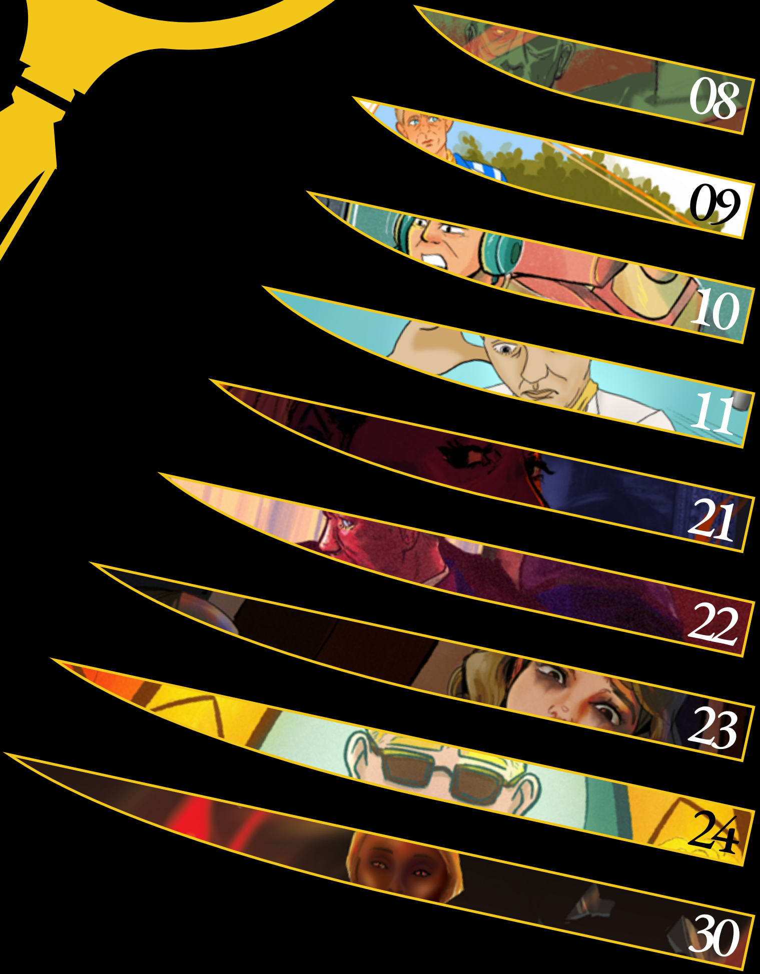

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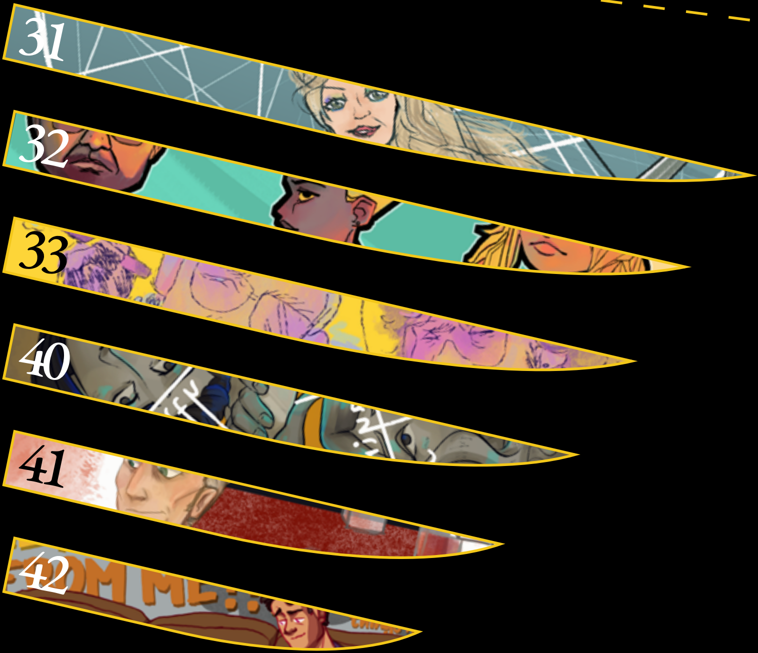

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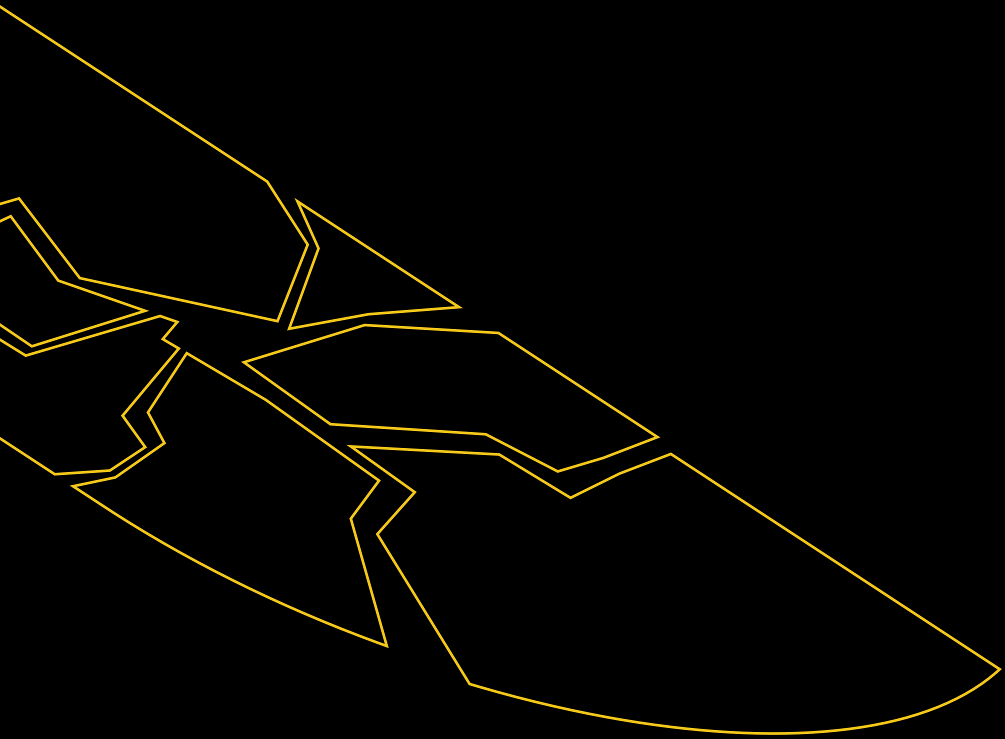

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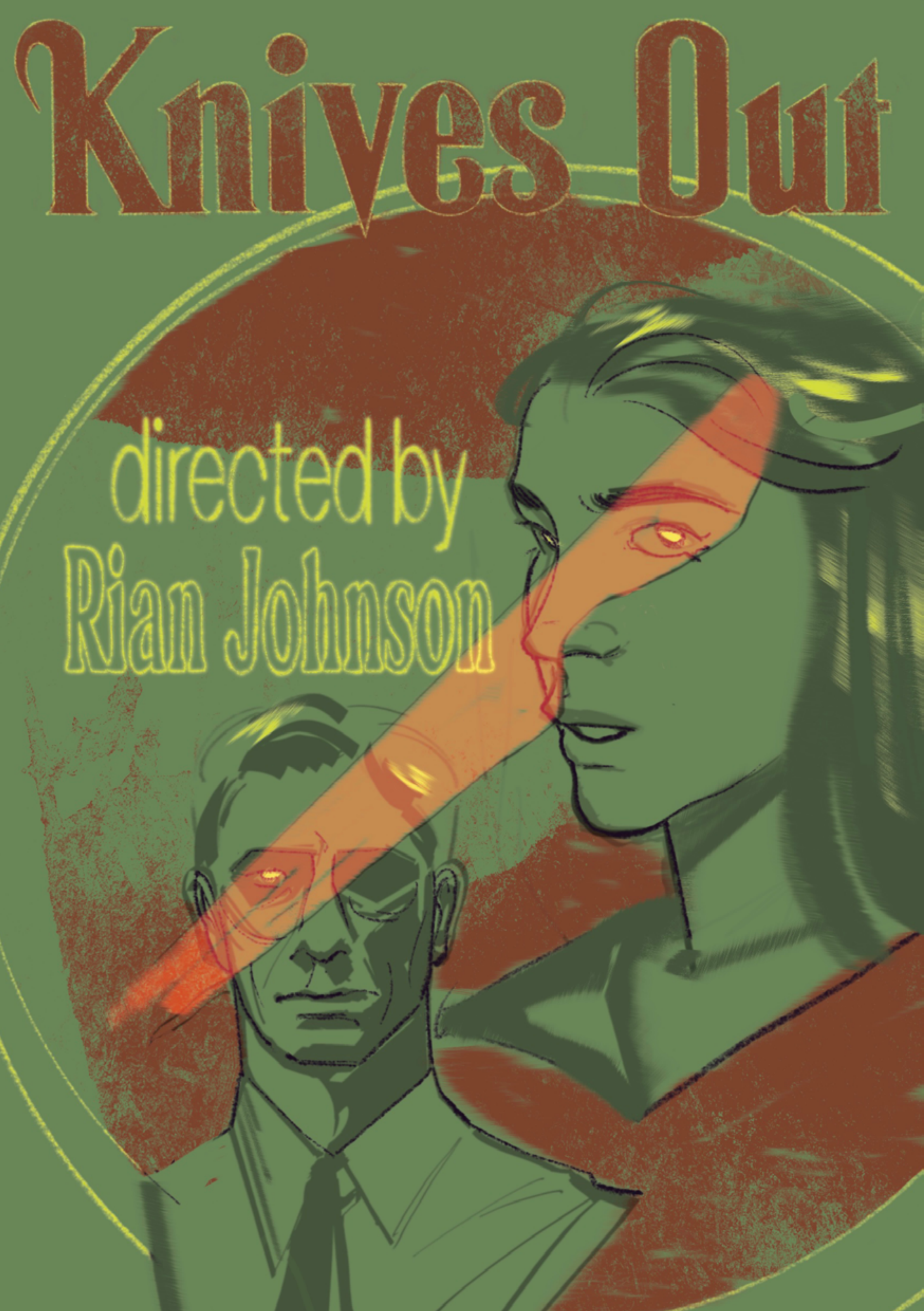
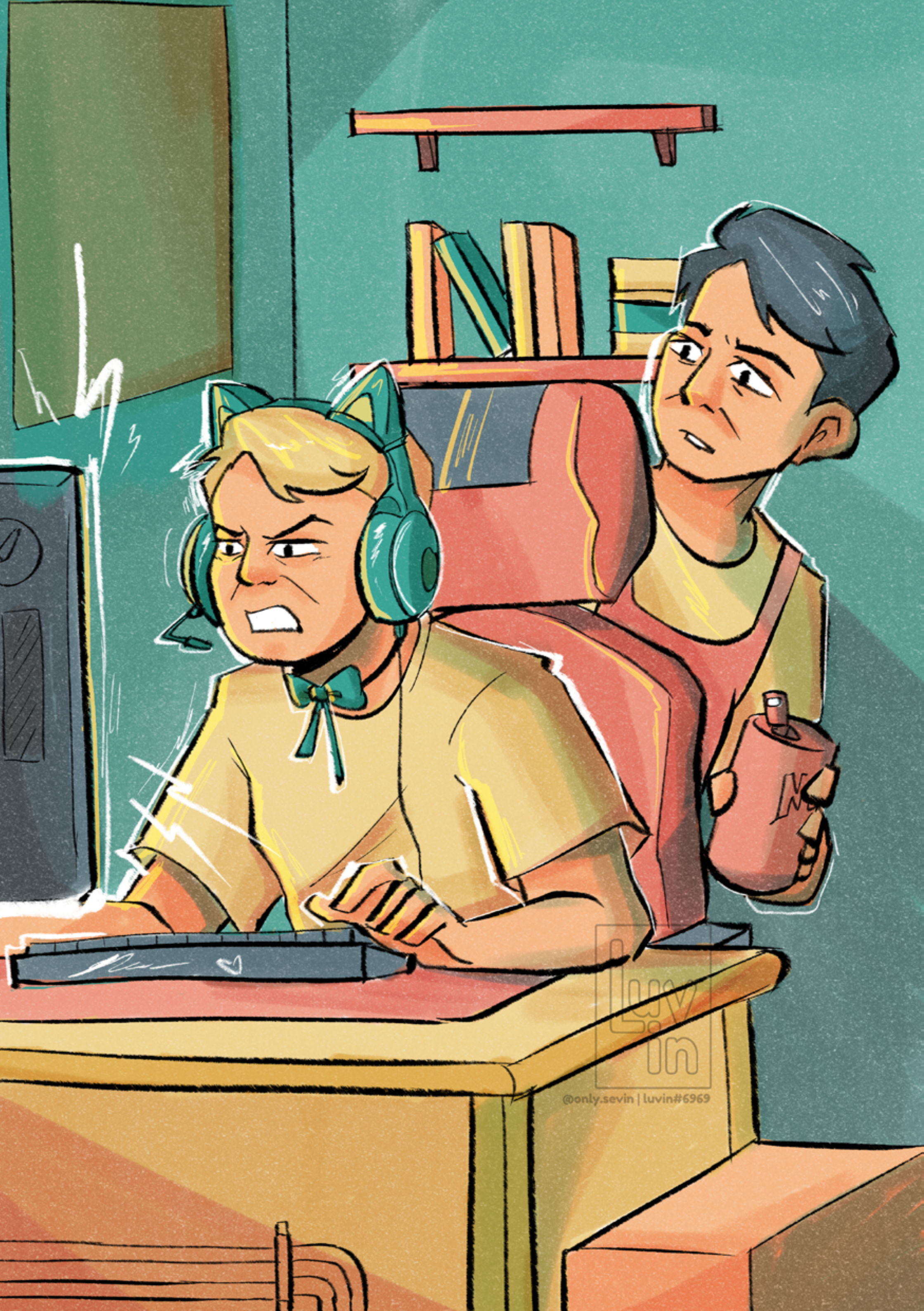

Knives Out
directed by
Rian Johnson

GLASS ONION



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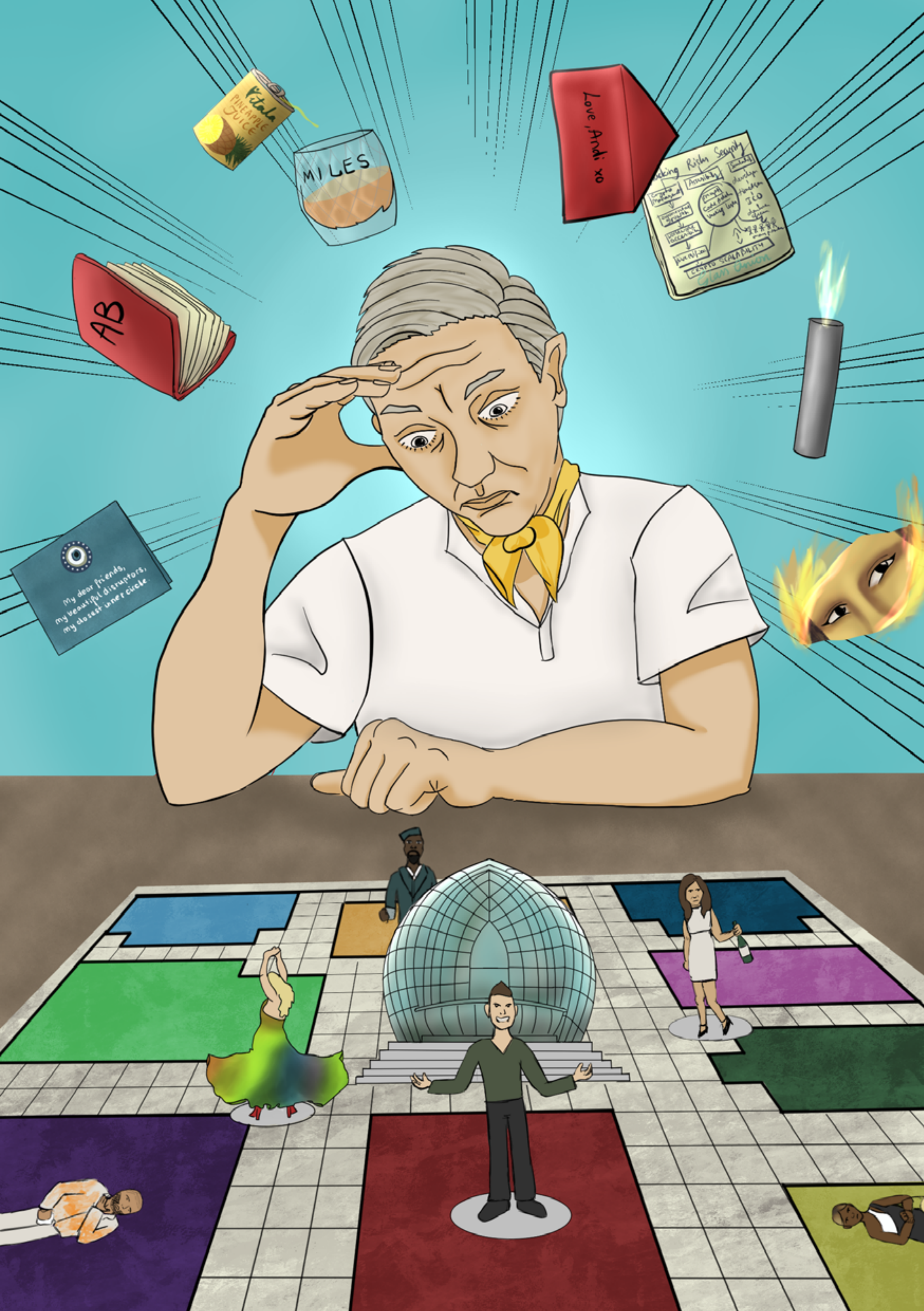

Vitala
PINEAPPLE JUICE
MILES
Love, Andi xo
AB
Risks Security
ICO
Code patch
CRYPTO SCALABILITY
Glass Onion
My dear friends,
my beautiful disruptors,
my closest inner circle

calling a friend in the middle of a game of Clue

Content warnings: PTSD, Mentions of Canonical Character Death and Suicide

by ilyilaice

IT'S BEEN A WEEK since Marta Cabrera has fled from the horrors of the late Harlan Thrombey's estate. The familiarity of her family's old apartment will finally furnish her with a good night's sleep, or so she's hoped. But she's learning the hard way her nightmares won't confine themselves within the manor's imposing walls. Inside her skull, they swirl and shape, waiting for the right moment to spring out and attack her. They're hot on her heels no matter how far she tries to run.

Tonight, the medical examiner's office of Norfolk County materializes within the mist of her mind. Shortly after the smashing of glass, the building is ablaze. In mere minutes, the flames have licked up and swallowed everything it contains. Blood samples. Records spanning back decades.

She wrings her hands. There's something in the office she needs to save, though what that might be or why she must salvage it are questions that elude her.

She strides the perimeter of the building as she hunts for an opening. There. One of the windows has a spiderweb of cracks where the arsonist must've attempted to breach it. If she sticks her foot through the center, she can claw her way into the inferno.

She approaches, already dreading this task. She's inches away when the realization hits her—this isn't a web of shattered glass. It's a circular display of knives, with each pointing toward a hole in the dead center.

From within this opening, a blue eye stares at her. She stares back.

Without warning, the owner of those piercing eyes barrels toward her. He pins her down to the ground. His full weight—all six feet packed with muscle—is crushing her lungs. She can't cry, can't scream, can't escape him.

He draws back his arm. The tip of the dagger he holds glints in the moonlight. She barely has time to implore Santa Maria to pray for her soul when the blade whistles down toward her chest.

Before the moment of impact, she bolts upright in bed. Her heart, which has so narrowly avoided being skewered, hammers inside her rib cage.

She waits for the thundering to slow into a skitter before reaching into her bedside drawer. She unearths her diary. She's been logging nothing but nightmares lately.

She scans the pages with the past week's entries.

* * *

October 26, Monday. The anniversary of Harlan's death approaches. Is that why my dreams have been getting vivid? Fran used to tell me about her cousin's adventures as a lucid dreamer. I should've listened better. Now I can't ask her for more details. I can't ask her anything at all. Last night, I had a dream of Harlan beaming down at me. Except his face was as wide as the sun. I thought maybe Abuela's stories about heaven were wrong and everything up there looms larger than we the living can ever know or comprehend. Then I realized that wasn't it at all. I wasn't on Earth but on a miniature version of it. I'd somehow shrunk into the size of the figurines in Harlan's crime scene dioramas. And there I was. A pawn among all the others in the games he'd play and the novels he'd write.

October 28, Wednesday. I've been thinking a lot about Fran lately. I can never forget the look on her mother's face when we met at the funeral. She told me she'd heard about how I'd used the news of Fran's death to trick Ransom into confessing his crimes. I wanted to explain that Fran would've wanted me to win against him at any cost. But there were too many of Fran's relatives and friends listening in. So I choked. I said nothing. When it comes down to it, there's really nothing I can say. Nothing can bring Fran back. Thoughts like these have been circling around my head lately. No surprise I saw Fran in last night's dream. I was back beside her coffin but this wasn't her funeral. We were in the abandoned laundromat where she overdosed. Inside her coffin, she wasn't made up and pretty like when she was laid to rest. She was dusty and pale. Spiders were crawling all over her body. I was torn between wanting to run for my life and wanting to save her from the swarm inside her coffin. It can't have been a long dream since I only got a couple hours' sleep last night. But it felt like an eternity. Agonizing over that choice.

October 29, Thursday. I had a dream about Harlan again. I was reliving the moment I told him I would alert his family to my mistake with the morphine. He tripped me. Back then, I fell across the attic floor and prompted Joni to check on us. But that didn't happen in my dream. I was falling but I wasn't in the study in the attic anymore. I was on the trellis on the side of the manor. Holding on for dear life. The wood gave way under my feet and I was falling backward. Great Nana spotted me on my way down but I blew past her before she could say a word. I thought that was it for me. But all I felt next was the pillow beneath my head.

* * *

HAVING FINISHED READING these entries, Marta fishes out the pen from her notebook's spiral to jot down Friday's dream. But the prospect of describing Ransom restraining her against the floor makes her stomach churn.

She tosses her diary aside and reaches under the pillow for her phone. It taunts her with its cracked screen. Who can she even call? Ma? Alice? Both her mother and her sister have been living large and taking charge in Harlan's estate throughout the house-hunting process. There's no point derailing their domestic bliss with her drama, is there?

Her phone vibrates on her palm. The screen's glowing with a contact name she's been meaning to update—Maybe: *B Blanc*. There are no maybes about that man now. Though he resides hundreds of miles away in a Park Avenue apartment she's visited once before, he knows just when to dial her number.

She takes the call and presses her phone to her ear. "Blanc?"

"Marta, Marta," the familiar voice says in singsong. "You still up, Marta? I was worried you'd 'ready be sleepin'."

"It's fine." She glances at the clock. "It's only half past nine. I know you New Yorkers are fond of the nightlife. So why the call?"

Benoit Blanc's voice is suddenly grave. "Something's afoot, and I believe the answer lies with you. You gotta tell me the truth."

Her throat goes so dry she has to squeak out her next words. "The truth? Haven't I already told you everything I know? We've gone over this before. Multiple times."

"No, no. I'm not talkin' about Harlan and the rest of the Thrombeys. Relics of history, all of 'em! On to the new, I always say!"

"I—are you drunk, Blanc?"

"Might've had a glass of liquid courage," he admits. "Definitely no more than two."

A muffled voice disagrees with his self-assessment of inebriation. "You've forgotten to count all the bottles of hard kombucha, haven't you?"

“Who’s that?” Marta asks.

“Just Phillip,” Blanc replies. “Helen sent over a cooler of Jared Leto’s newest flavors this afternoon. As a private joke between us, you see. But never mind that now. Tell me, Marta—did he do it with a knife in the study?”

“Who? Jared Leto?”

“You know who.”

This talk about knives in studies triggers a memory of Fran. This is one conversation Marta wishes she could forget yet somehow remembers with flawless clarity. Fran was the one who discovered Harlan’s body in the attic. He was sprawled out on the sofa, she said. Throat slit open. Knife fallen some distance from his hand. Expression as frozen as the masks lined on the bookshelf above his head.

There was so much blood, Fran lamented in her trembling soprano. Blood pouring from the gash in his neck. Blood trickling down the sofa. Blood staining the carpet.

Unknown to Fran, Marta had witnessed the very moment Harlan ran the blade over his throat. But hearing the gritty details of the aftermath only cemented this memory on the forefront of Marta’s mind, as it would remain for months and maybe even years to come.

At present, Marta’s too disturbed to form words. Blanc, however, continues speaking.

“Wait a damn minute. Somethin’ ain’t right here. I’m startin’ to uncover the salacious secrets of this mansion. Did Professor Plum shoot our poor host with a pistol? Somewhere by the stairs, perhaps?”

Phillip’s voice floats out once more. “Nice try. But you can only make one suggestion at a time.”

“You’re playing Clue,” Marta says. It isn’t a question.

“So I am,” Blanc confirms. “You see, if I’m yearnin’ to accomplish one thing before this blasted lockdown’s over, it’ll be the indubitable mastery of Clue. Once the world reopens, I shall invite everyone who’s ever bested me at this childish game. I’ll be rattlin’ off one accurate suggestion after another until the smiles are well and truly wiped from every face in the room!”

“Setting aside who’s being the biggest child here, how am I supposed to know the solution to your current game? I’m not there in your penthouse. I’m not playing with you and Phillip.”

“Shall I take this to mean you have no insights as to the culprit this time?”

Phillip’s voice sounds smug. “I told you. Calling a friend won’t help you win at Clue.”

Blanc ignores his husband’s interjection. “But this is what I admire about you most, Marta. You never play games by anybody’s rules except your own. This is why the terminus of *Gravity’s Rainbow* never lies too far from you and your blood-splotched shoes.”

She sighs. “I get what you’re trying to say. I do. You’ve always had more faith in me than I deserve. But this isn’t how Clue’s supposed to work.”

“No? Doesn’t surprise me. This is a dumb game with even dumber rules. I’m just about done here. My brain cells can only take so much clobberin’ over a single night. Speakin’ with a dear friend like you is a much more mentally invigoratin’ exercise.”

“Hey!” Phillip protests. “You can’t escape the game just because you don’t like how it’s going!”

“Try not to miss me too much while I’m gone.” There are shuffling noises as Blanc presumably abandons the plush indoors of his penthouse in favor of the open air of the balcony.

“So how’s life as a multimillionaire been treatin’ you, Marta?” Blanc inquires. “I’d imagine inheritin’ sole ownership of a publishin’ giant like Blood Like Wine has got to spice up your routine.”

“Life’s as messy as you might expect,” she tells him. “The Thrombeys have been threatening me nonstop with their plans to take me to court. But Alan and the rest of the legal team assure me the family’s claims don’t hold water. Whatever that’s supposed to mean.”

“Just keep your head up. Acknowledgin’ the dogs nippin’ incessantly at your ankles will only encourage ’em to carry on misbehavin’.”

She hesitates before bringing up the next topic. “It’s not only the living Thrombeys who’ve been weighing heavily on my mind. The dead ones do too.”

“Yes, I heard about Wanetta Thrombey’s recent passin’. A most perceptive woman she was. Well-versed in the unsung benefits of a perfectly companionable silence. I conveyed my deepest condolences to Linda and Walter via email. The siblings’ responses were, shall we say, garishly colorful. However, since they’re in the middle of mournin’, I don’t intend to hold their rudeness against ’em.”

“Blanc, I’m talking about Harlan, not Nana. He might be ancient history to you, but I still see him regularly in my dreams.”

“Of course,” he hastens to say. “Forgive me for speakin’ out of turn earlier. Grief’s a hell of a time-bending mistress, ain’t she? In her hands, scenes from several lifetimes ago seem as fresh as the date on which they first occurred. Harlan—he was a most beloved friend to you. No wonder he visits you so frequently while you’re asleep. He’s probably knockin’ ’gainst the boundary between life and death, clamorin’ for one last Go game with his favorite nurse.”

She smiles despite herself. “Those freaking Go games. Harlan was such a sore loser—inventing natural disasters out of nowhere to flip over the board—but his antics entertained me so much that I barely even cared.” She pauses for a few seconds before going on. “You know, even though I understand Ransom was responsible for his grandfather’s death, I can’t help wondering if I could’ve done anything differently that night in November. Maybe if I was stronger. Maybe if I put more force behind my words. Maybe then he would’ve listened and let me call the ambulance like I wanted.”

“Nearly all of the most formidable people I’ve ever known have been women, and you strike me as one of the strongest among ’em. Besides, you couldn’t have predicted that the events would unfold the way they did. Hindsight’s got a sniper’s eye.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” she says.

“You absolutely should. Do you mind if I pose a query that may be veerin’ toward the personal?”

“Go ahead.”

“You ever consider hirin’ yourself a therapist, with all that dough of yours? As a nurse yourself, I don’t imagine you’d knock a tried-and-tested method of medical treatment, albeit of the psychological variety.”

“I’ve been thinking about it more and more lately,” she admits.

He hums in approval. “Acceptance is the first step toward reclaimin’ the unburdened minds you and I had as children. So I believe you’re on the right track.”

“God, I hope so. What wouldn’t I give for a full night’s sleep.”

“Let me not be another obstacle to the fickle sweetness of slumber. It’s high time I bid you good night.”

“One more thing before you go, Blanc.”

“What is it, Marta?”

“Can I call you again when my nightmares keep me up?” she asks.

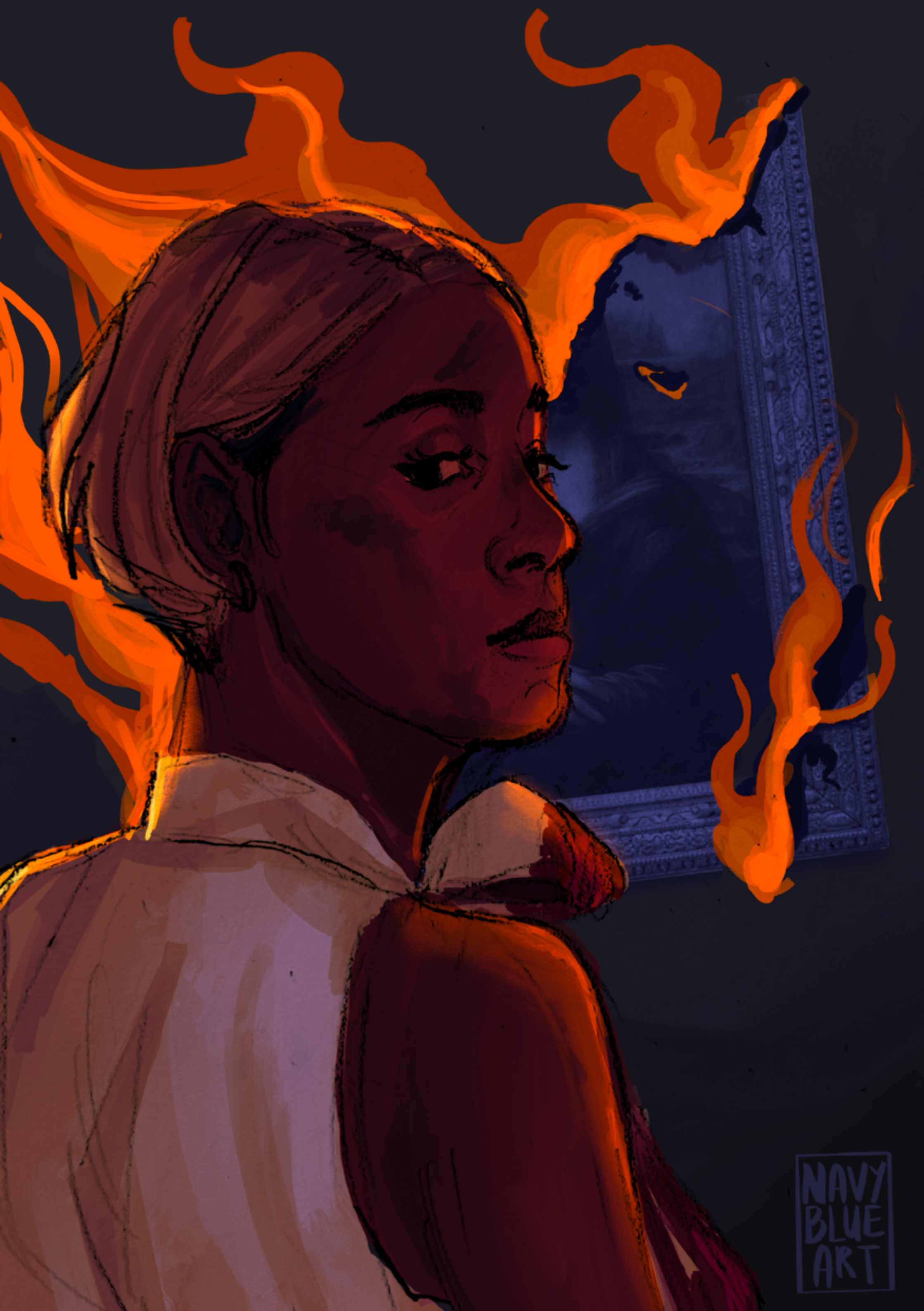
“Why, of course,” he assures her. “I’d be more than honored to be the favored recipient of your late-night phone calls.”

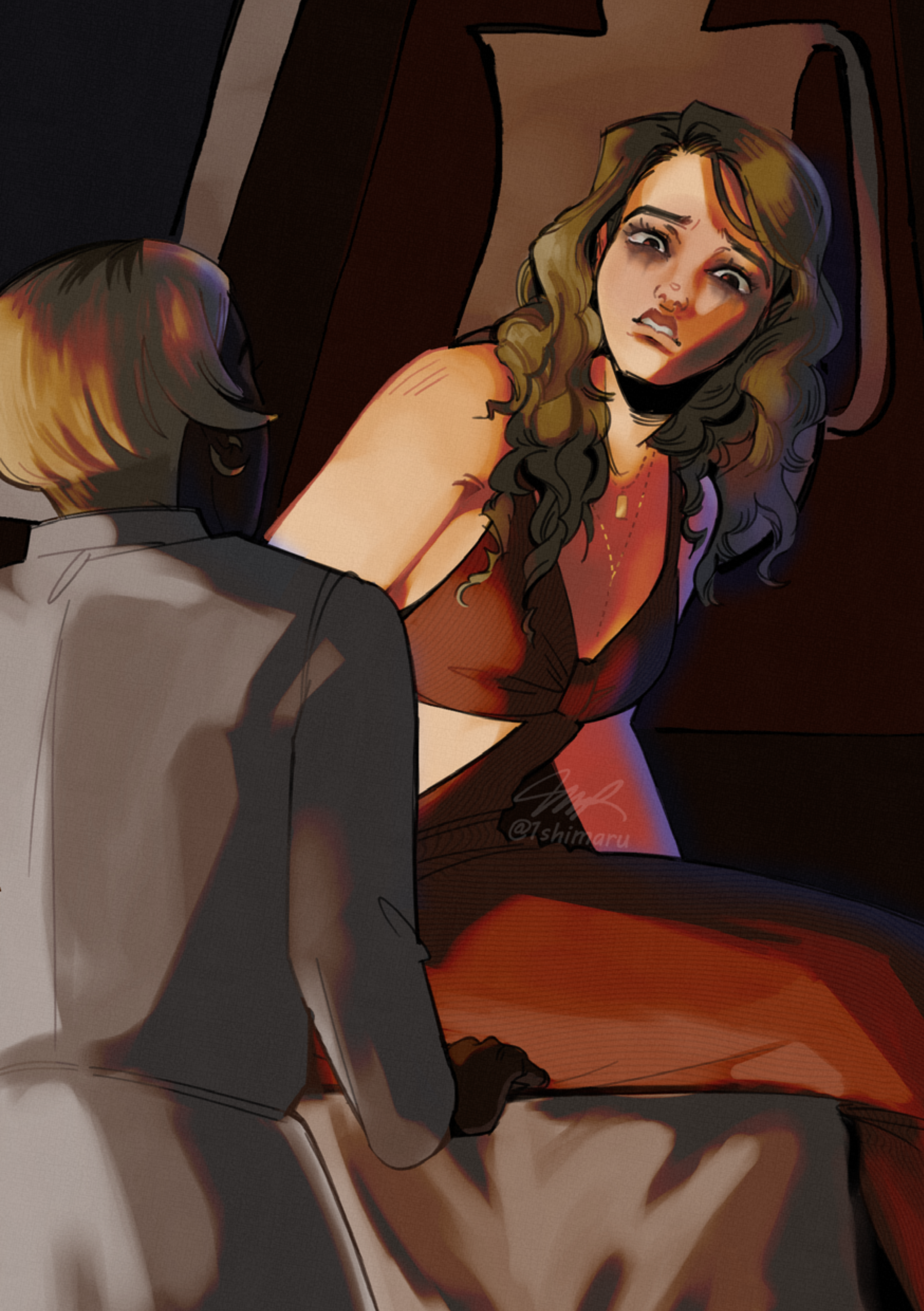
“Thanks, Blanc. I’m lucky to have a friend like you. I won’t keep you any longer tonight. Phillip’s probably still waiting for you to wrongly accuse Professor Plum of being the murderer.”

“We’ll talk soon, Watson. There’s no one with whom I’d rather converse about the follies of Clue.”

As they exchange goodbyes, Marta tugs her comforter more tightly around her shoulders. It’s a chilly night in Massachusetts. Elsewhere, Blanc must be flanked by a glittering skyline as he ignites a cigar. Marta doesn’t know why picturing him poised over the city that never sleeps makes her smother a yawn. Nevertheless, it does.

* * *


NAVY BLUE ART



@1shimaru

CASTEEWAYS

a little help

No content warnings apply

by Casper Oliver

VERY FEW in their circles had taken to quarantine life well. Even in doing the suggested changes, masking, social distancing, and working remotely, it was hard to not feel quite intense cabin fever.

Phillip had been doing his best to keep himself occupied. The internet had provided a wide range of new hobbies to try: baking, knitting, and even candle making. Baking bread had been his most successful venture, at least as far as he was concerned, but his husband had claimed him to have a knack for just about anything he tried.

It was hardly flattery since Phillip knew that, to his core, Benoit meant what he said.

As his mind wandered back to his husband's encouraging smiles, Phillip realized that he hadn't actually seen Benoit for most of the day. After he had tiredly claimed to be in need of yet another bath, he disappeared into the bathroom. While in the midst of his most recent attempt at Khachapuri, he had entirely lost track of time—including how long his husband had been in the bathroom.

He set the timer for the bread's second bake, 10 minutes, and then headed across the apartment over to their still-closed bathroom door.

"Benoit? Are you still in there?"

The sound of gently splashing water was enough of a response, but the spiritless hum that his husband gave was also enough for him to feel concerned.

“May I come in?” Phillip placed his hand on the doorknob, readying himself to enter as soon as given permission.

Permission was given as a hollow ‘mhm’ from the other side of the door.

Phillip immediately twisted the handle and opened the door to see his partner seated in a tub full of likely now cold water. His striking blue eyes, typically so full of light, seemed to stare at the ceiling in a depressive haze. His laptop was placed atop the closed toilet seat and was streaming some news program, unsurprisingly talking about the current pandemic’s effect on small businesses.

A situation that was perhaps a bit too close to home for Benoit to be idly listening to in such a state.

“Dear, I think now might be a good time to dry off, hmm?” Phillip offered a small smile as he walked over and closed his partner’s laptop, not wanting the news anchors to feed into Benoit’s slump.

“And do what else?” If it hadn’t been for his distinctly thick southern twang, Phillip would have wondered if that was truly his husband speaking. It was as if he was standing in front of a complete husk of the man he had married years ago.

“Perhaps eat a spot of lunch? I have cheese bread coming out of the oven soon. I could make us some tea, maybe we could watch something a bit more... well, light-hearted?” He offered as he knelt down next to the tub, feeling the cold acrylic against his palms confirmed his previous theory on the temperature of the water within.

“I’m not hungry, but thank you, darlin’.” Benoit attempted to give a smile, but it seemed blatantly fake. Phillip knew him well enough to see the exhaustion through his curled lips.

“Well, it’s a good thing I didn’t ask if you were, hmm? You haven’t eaten since last night, so let’s change that.” Phillip reached over and gently ran his fingers through Benoit's still-damp hair.

Without much thought, Benoit leaned into his husband's touch and gave a soft, more thoughtful hum.

"I suppose..." His words trailed off as he closed his eyes, seeming to resign into his current predicament.

Phillip's brows furrowed in concern as he analyzed the other's expression and body language. He was no sleuth, but he knew his husband. He knew when something was wrong.

"I can't read your thoughts, Ben. What's bothering you?"

Benoit's eyes remained closed as he let out a slow sigh.

"I simply can't be helpin' anyone right now. No big case, nothin' to keep my mind engaged, and nothin' that's helpin' anyone."

That bleeding heart of his was one of the things that Phillip had always loved about Benoit. His drive to help those in need, even to the point of doing so many cases for little to no charge, just doing his part in helping those who called or came knocking on his door. But, with the world having shut down as it has, no one came knocking anymore. The phone hadn't rung with a potential case for months now.

Phillip moved to grab hold of Benoit's hand, pulling it up out of the frigid tub water to bring it up to his lips. A warm kiss atop the cold skin was all the comfort that Phillip could offer his partner as he processed the words that had been said. Benoit was, to a degree, correct- but not entirely.

He pulled his lips away from his husband's hand just enough for him to speak clearly.

"You help me every day, Benoit. Your presence, your jokes, your smile- they all help me every day. And now, maybe it's time for *you* to be helped, hmm?” Phillip laced his fingers with Benoit’s.

Benoit opened his eyes and finally made eye-contact with his husband. His expression seemed less flat as his lips curled ever so slightly on one side.

“And you’re supposin’ to do the helpin’?” His voice still sounded tired, but he was at least receptive to the offered aid.

“That’s what I signed up for in marrying you, is it not?” Phillip’s smile widened as he pressed another gentle kiss to the back of his husband’s hand before standing up.

“Now come on, let’s get you dried off and dressed before I have to go check the oven.”

Benoit used his free hand to grab the other side of the tub to lift himself up as Phillip pulled on his arm to give him some assistance out of the water.

“Here’s a towel, let me go get your robe—” Before Phillip could pull his hand away, Benoit tightened his grip on the other man’s hand.

“I may need your help a bit further, if you’d be so kind,” Benoit took the offered towel in his free hand and started to dry off his face.

Phillip gave a small chuckle before he reached over to pull on the plug and begin to drain the tub.

“Whatever you need, my love. As long as it’s done before the oven timer goes off.”

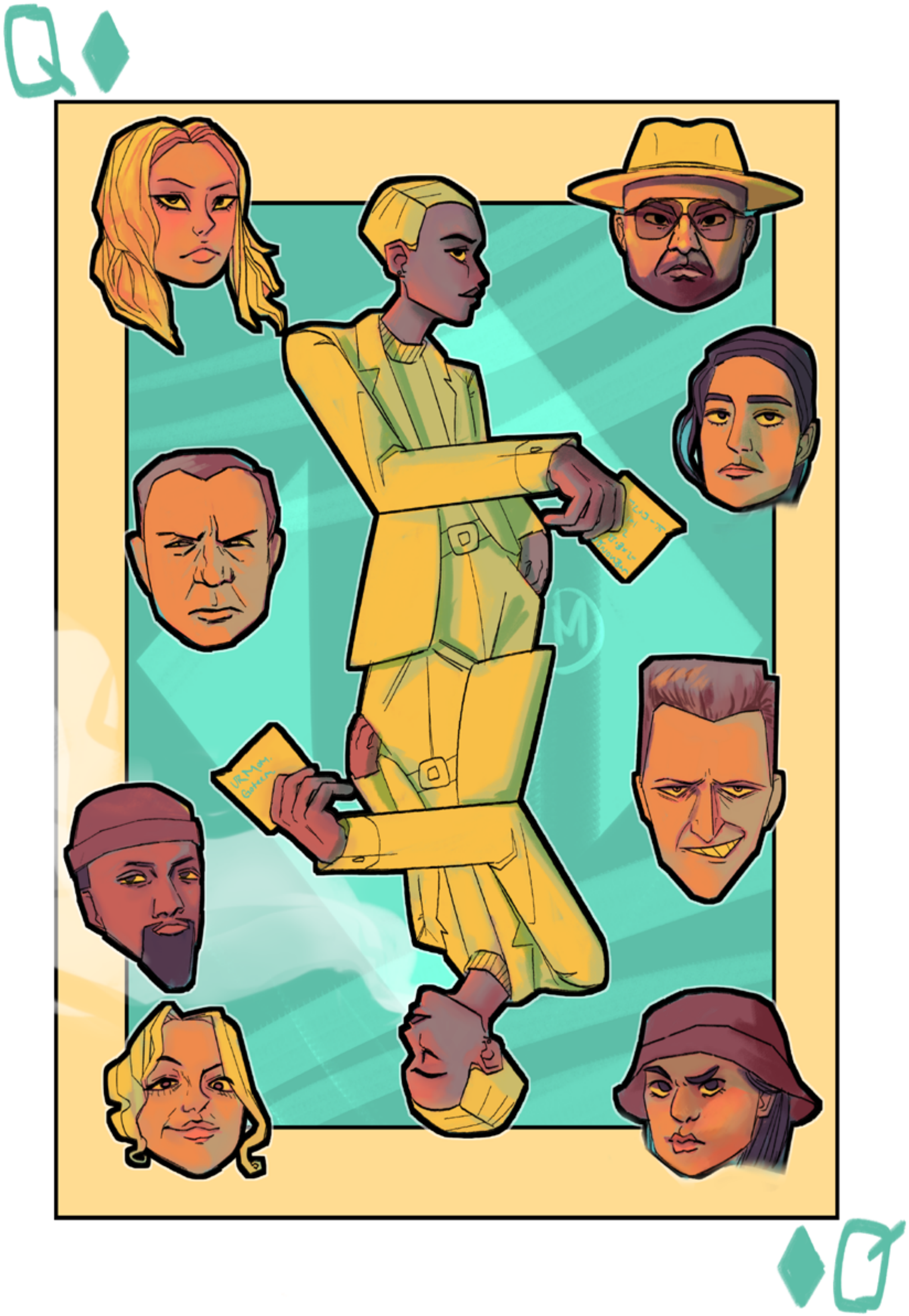
“I just don’t want to be alone.” Benoit murmured as he lowered the towel just enough to look at Phillip above the plush fabric.

Benoit was the kind of man to appreciate his alone time. In fact, both of them were.

But there were times that they truly just needed each other's company.

That was all the help they needed in those moments.

LES BRON
Love, Mdy xo
Rina '23


Q ♦
UR Mom, Goteem
♦ Q

the house is less haunted with you in it

No content warnings apply

by Jess

MARTA HAD ASSUMED that having her name cleared of murder would make all her problems go away. All should have been well, Harlan's final story had run its course and left her as its victor. Her mother and sister had moved into the huge Thrombey mansion, the only other inhabitant of which was Great Grandma. Despite the labyrinth of rooms, Marta preferred to keep to Harlan's old study, except when she came out to eat with the family.

None of that was what kept her up at night, staring out the window of the bedroom she'd chosen. It wasn't Harlan's, she didn't know whether she would have been able to sleep there. She'd offered it to her mother, but her mother had declined it too, taking Linda's room instead. Marta had taken Joni and Meg's room, admiring Meg's commanding view over the extensive lawns and into the acres of trees beyond. The leaves and branches shook in the late night winds, contorted by some giant hand brushing through them.

Something moved in one of the bushes down by the forest path and Marta stood, tripping on a blanket as she lunged over to the window, only catching herself on the windowsill by Meg's bed. By the time she looked once more, the movement had stilled, and Marta could see nothing, even if she pressed her face against the icy glass.

Not willing to let it go yet, Marta ran down the stairs. She was grateful that she hadn't chosen to be up in the office, as the creak in the staircase would have awoken her mother. She'd upgraded the security cameras and moved the screens inside, as she was worried the Thrombeys would try to break in.

She pulled up the recordings, scanning back through the footage of the area around the elephant. A grey car had driven down there and pulled off, and the number plate was familiar. Meg's car. She'd had for a while now, as she'd had to sell her expensive car for a cheaper one in order to pay for college. Marta had seen it the few times Joni had tried to visit her (Meg never got out of the car, but since Joni couldn't afford one of her own, it was left to Meg to chauffeur). She would be unimpressed if Joni was visiting her again, especially at this hour, but neither Joni nor Meg were a threat, and, briefly looking through the other cameras, there was no one else on the property.

Marta pulled her dressing gown on and walked across the lawn toward the gate, the frost on the green fronds crunching underfoot. Harlan's dogs ran up to her and she patted them softly, then left them to run back to their kennel. She continued on until she reached the gate, eerily bright in the moonlight. Every step reminded her of that night so long ago, when she'd followed this same path and set in motion the events that had led to her greatest sorrow and greatest happiness.

Marta crushed the fallen leaves that coated the forest floor as she entered the wood, peering carefully through the trees. It wasn't as heavily wooded this close to the path as it was further in, and she could make out strange, gloomy, looming shapes. Every branch reached out toward her, tangling in her hair and snaking around her arms.

"Hello," she called, her voice faltering as she shivered involuntarily.

Silence reigned in the woods for a few seconds before a stick cracked nearby. Marta turned to face it, the bottom of her dressing gown flaring out as she spun. Nothing. Crossing her arms in front of her to conserve warmth, Marta considered returning to the house, locking the doors, and going back to bed, but she knew she wouldn't sleep until she found out what was going on out here.

“Hello,” Marta called once more.

“Hi Marta, sorry for being here.”

Marta jumped and looked up for the source of the voice.

“Meg?”

Meg climbed down a few branches, then jumped from the tree she’d been up. “This was always the best tree to climb. I used to go up here with Ransom, before he was such an ass.”

Marta was struck silent.

“I’ll leave, if you want me to. I only came because I missed being here. I miss our family from when we were together. I know it’s just rose-coloured glasses and all that, and that everyone was horrible, but I can’t help but want it to go back.”

“I know,” Marta said. “The house feels empty without him. He always filled it so well. Without you and Fran, it’s even emptier. I don’t mind Ransom’s absence, but it feels almost wrong that I should get it while all of you lived here so long.”

“Don’t feel bad, Marta, you deserved every cent you got from the will, you can use it well. We’ll get by. Linda has her Real Estate business, Walt has started writing, although he hasn’t had any real success, and mum has finally been working on her skincare brand, although it’s taking some effort to get her into a good financial position. I’ve enough savings to pay for the final year of college, then I’ll find something. We just have to live like normal people now. You’ve done the best thing you could have for us. It’ll probably even get Jacob to pull his head out of his ass and stop being a Nazi. What about you? How have you been here?” Meg asked as they passed through the gate and back on to the lawn.

“It’s strange, having all this room, there’s too much for four people.

Mum's got all her documentation now, it's amazing what you can do with a fortune, and Alice has a good job in town. I'll start working again soon, there're always people who need help."

"That's why you deserve it all, because you'll do real good in the world with it, good that none of us would have done."

Meg glanced up at the house as she said it, and Marta was sure she was looking up at her old bedroom, the one that Marta used now.

"You're not here for money?"

Meg laughed slightly.

"Of course not. I'd be a terrible person if I was, saying that it was better you have the money than us, then turning around and trying to get you to give me some, although I suppose I couldn't put that behaviour past some members of my family. I came to see the house and psych myself up to see you, but I suppose it wasn't needed..."

"I can go back inside if you want."

"No," Meg said, resting her hand on Marta's shoulder, as if to reassure herself of Marta's continued presence. "You're a good friend, I've avoided seeing you, but I've wanted to."

"You have other friends, don't you? From college and high school?"

"Ironically, in only meeting me because grandad paid you to be his nurse, I think you're one of the few people who isn't friends with me for the money. Of course, Fran wasn't either, but she's..."

As they talked, the two had made their way up to the house, following the footsteps Marta had made earlier. The stars shone above them, the full moon moving slowly across the sky as it grew closer to dawn.

"Come in," Marta invited Meg.

"I shouldn't."

"I insist."

Marta walked in, leaving the door open for Meg to follow her. She went through to the kitchen and flicked the kettle on, inviting Meg to take a seat.

"I'm glad you decided to keep the house, I think it's what Grandad would have wanted."

"I hope so. I considered selling it, but I couldn't bear losing the memories of him. It's his house through and through, you know? The trick window, the creaky staircase, the Go board, it's all him," Marta said, grabbing some biscuits out of the cupboard.

They lapsed into silence while Marta poured the tea and added the sugar (but no milk) that Meg always had in hers.

"Are you ok? You were always the closest to Grandad, and now he's gone..."

Marta sat down next to Meg, who wrapped an arm around her shoulder. Meg's woollen cardigan was soft, and Marta leant her head back, closing her eyes as she rested against her.

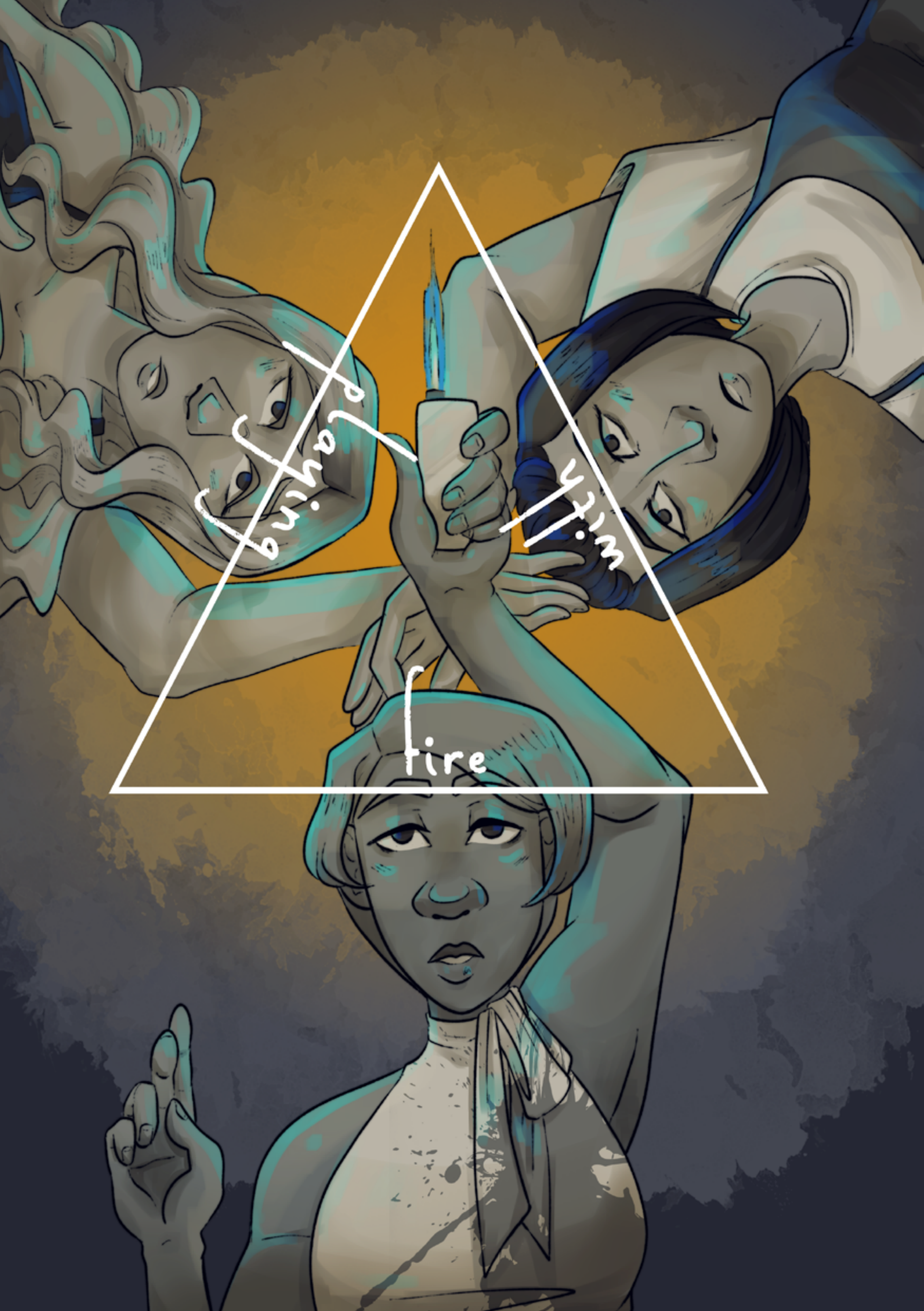
"I think so. I'll live, and I must live my life well, because I know that's what he wanted for me. I've grieved, and I still miss him, but he had a good life. He enjoyed what he did, and I think he found a solution for all the problems in his family."

"I think he did."

The two girls allowed a minute to pass, both listening to the sound of the clock in the lounge room, the one in which Fran had hidden the blood toxicology report.

Marta realised, much to her surprise, that Meg’s presence seemed to fill the room up. Far from being empty, as the house so often seemed, there was an unfamiliar warmth in it. The shadows seemed lighter and the lamp standing in the corner brightened. Marta had never really had a friend, excepting Harlan, but perhaps she could make another one.

* * *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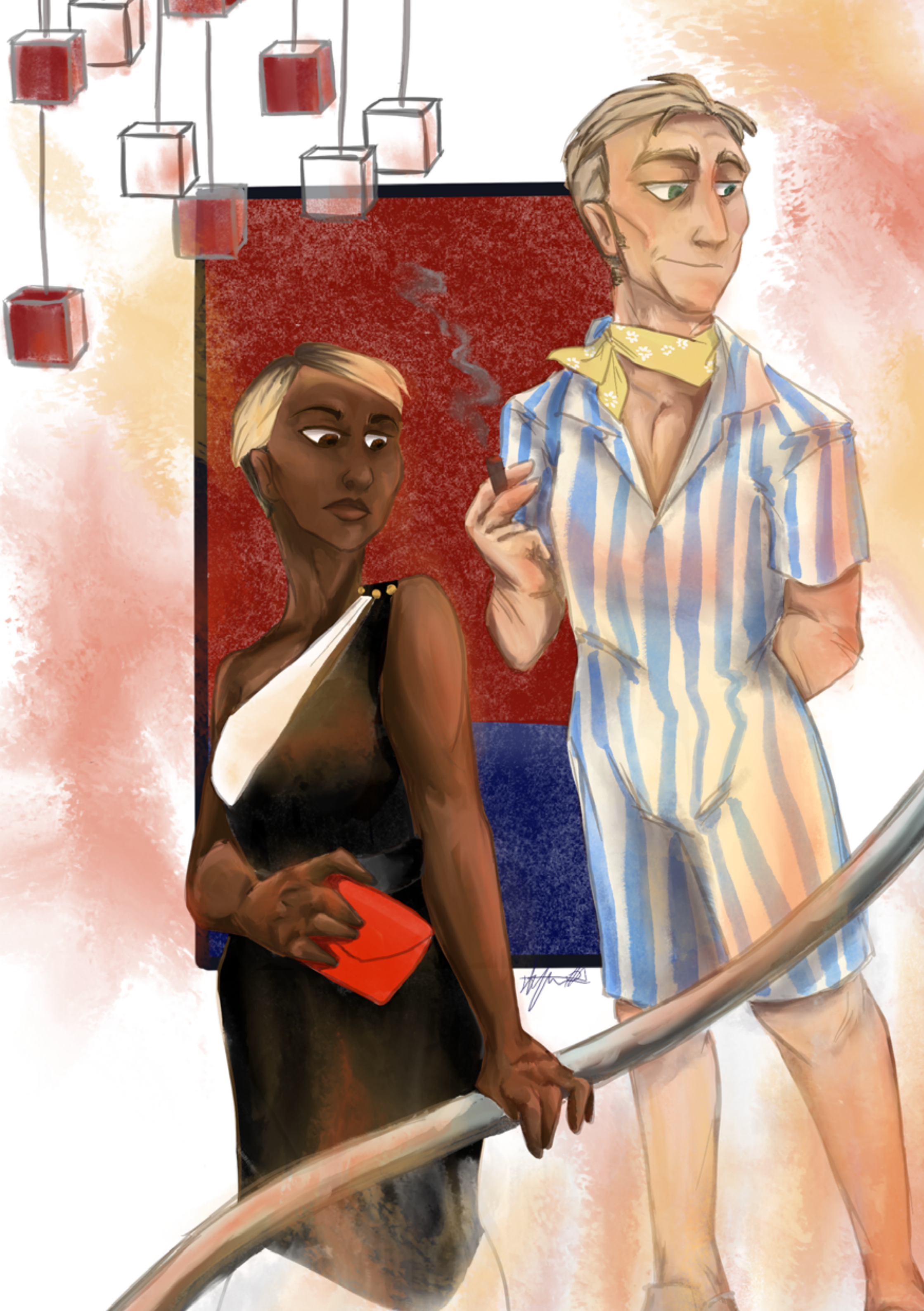

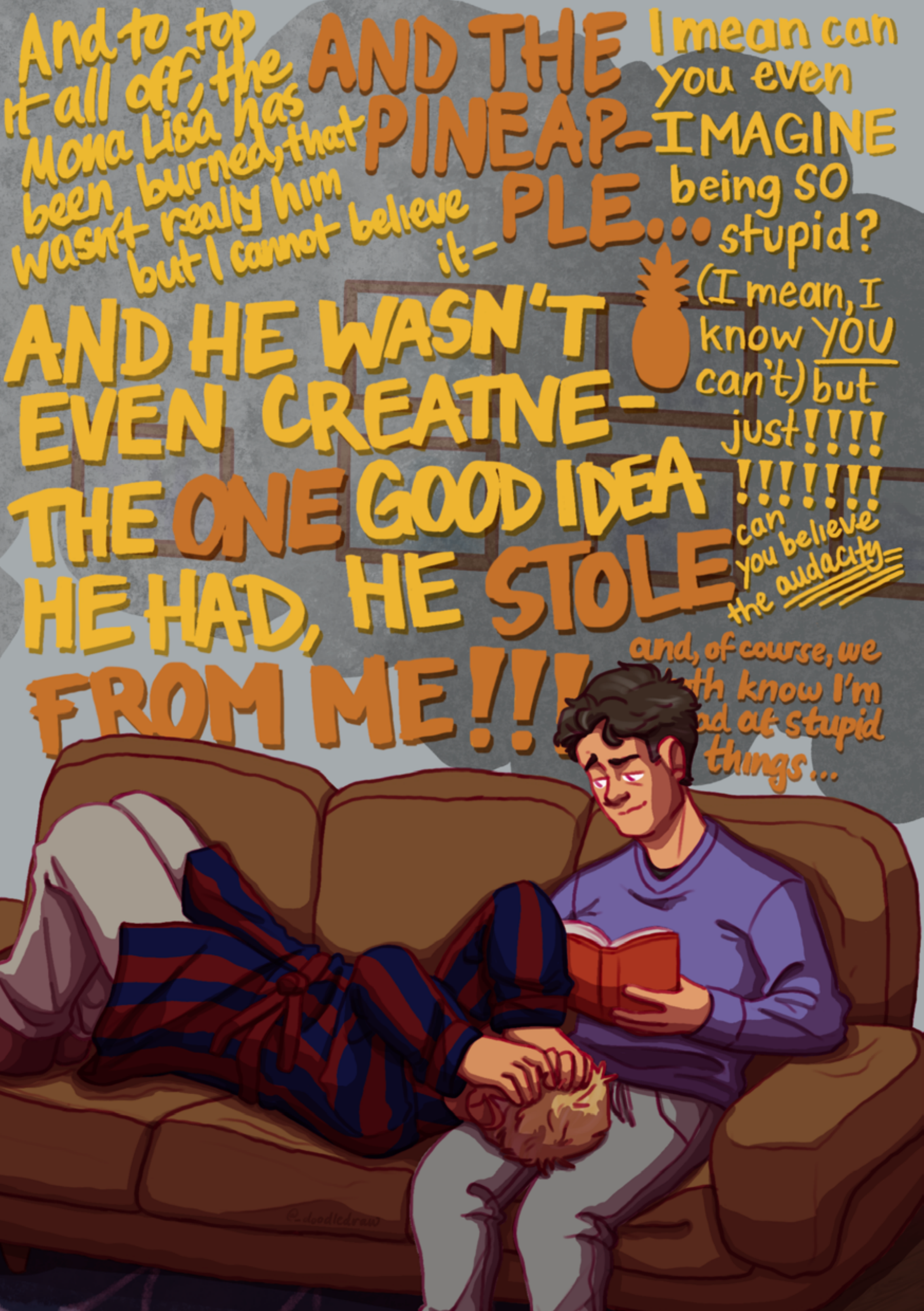
And to top it all off, the Mona Lisa has been burned, that wasn't really him but I cannot believe it-
AND THE PINEAP-PLE...
I mean can you even IMAGINE being SO stupid?
(I mean, I know YOU can't) but just!!!! !!!!!!!
can you believe the audacity
AND HE WASN'T EVEN CREATIVE- THE ONE GOOD IDEA HE HAD, HE STOLE FROM ME!!!
and, of course, we
th know I'm
ad at stupid
things...
@_doodledraw

everything is fine

Content warnings: Mentions of wearing masks

by Stens McHenry

PHILLIP BLANC answered his phone four bars into his ringtone. "There's a dead mouse underneath the sink," he announced.

Benoit Blanc's smooth as whiskey voice filled his ear. "Well, surely you are not suggesting I put it there."

Phillip stood in the middle of their kitchen, riding the slow burn. "I'm cleaning our home in anticipation of your return. I purchased extra supplies to disinfect your luggage and its contents. I open the doors to stow them." He bit his lip. "Dead mouse."

"Phillip, dear..."

"If there is one dead mouse in the vicinity, it stands to reason a live one may be nibbling around the apartment. It's probably in the flour as we speak," Phillip said. "Field mice are social creatures, Benoit. They form colonies."

"We are urban folk, Phillip. Perhaps this one left the fold for the big city to seek its fortune." Benoit's voice rippled a bit. "And sadly failed."

Phillip stared down at the floor near the sink, where he'd pulled out all inventory in that lower cabinet space. The floor cleaner pads, the plastic tubs of neon green dishwasher pods, the assorted bug sprays. Ant, roach, and flying insect. Underneath the sink's P-trap lay the poor creature, its tiny pink toes curled upward.

"I have no idea how it got in, how long it's been lurking in our home, or what killed it," Phillip said. "I do know of at least one person living at this address who rather enjoys taking his coffee on the balcony without securing the screen door. Tell me, detective, what can you deduce from that clue?"

Benoit laughed. "Phillip, it's one mouse. If this creature is as social as you believe, his brethren would already have skittered through the cracks in the walls to find him. I cannot accept responsibility for its death, but if you are concerned about other unwelcome guests, call an exterminator."

"I already did. They are scheduled the same day you come home, between six in the morning and midnight. Somebody has to wait for the knock at the door." Phillip glowered. "Book an Uber and wear your mask."

"Done and done." Benoit's voice turned sweet. "I do miss you."

Phillip inhaled slowly. One dead mouse in the grander scheme of things did seem trivial. "Miss you, too, love. I'm making your favorite for dinner when you return. How is everything over there?"

"Here? Oh, everything is fine."

* * *

BENOIT WOUND UP the call with a bit of small talk and another declaration of love. When he rang off, he turned to gauge Helen Brand's bewildered expression.

Then he craned his head and watched Miles Bron's island getaway, the Glass Onion, crumple and smolder as the fire raged.

"Everything is fine?" Helen asked, amused.

Benoit nodded and gave a small smile. "I didn't want to upset Phillip," he said. "He's had a rough day."

* * *

CREDITS

AARON

art - page 23

1shimaru
oneshimaru

CASPER OLIVER

writing - pages 25-29

casperoliver
thesperience

Casper Oliver is a queer mystery entertainer with podcasts, murder mystery parties, homebrew TTRPGs, and more! He's also an activist for LGBTQAI+ community.

CRESCENTTWINS

art - page 31

happinessdeceit
crescenttwins

Still marveling at the set and costume design...

CY

art - page 42

doodledraw
_doodledraw

I could spend hours dissecting these two movies but I'll spare everyone the ramble and say instead: I identify with Benoit Blanc because I too am a terrible impostor in Among Us.

DRAGONMIRACLES

art - page 32

dragonmiracles

Howdy! My names DM, and I love murder mysteries! Knives out is such a fun series, and I love how goofy and silly the characters all are, and are based off mystery cliches.

EMILY FOWL

art - page 11

emilyfowl

Fun fact: I am never going to give you up, let you down, run around and desert you, make you cry, say goodbye or tell a lie and hurt you. Except when it comes to rickrolling ;)

ILYILAICE

writing - pages 12-20

ilyilaice
lemonpika

J NOONAN

art - page 30

eldritchbagel_art

Mystery lover and design nerd.

JESS

writing - pages 34-39

annabeth-my-beloved

Definitely not a vampire and certainly not rewatching Knives Out.

BOLZEMO

art - page 33

Bolzemo

LUVIN

art - page 10

only.sevin
mcluvinit

Everyone's inner gamer came out during the pandemic, and I am a firm supporter of detective-turned-streamer Benoit Blanc.

NAVYBLUEART

art - page 21

navyblueart

Gab is a tired art student who loves campy whodunnits dearly despite never quite being clever enough to solve them!

NOMPHOONG

art - page 08

bio.site/nomphoong

Hi there! I'm just a full-time film buff who loves exploring the intersection between illustration and design. I also happen to adore Rian Johnson's Knives Out films <3

PARZIIVALE

art - page 40

parziivale

I'm Will, a nonbinary Asian-american freelance artist who grew up on whodunnit mysteries and the movie version of Clue. I'm so excited to be able to contribute a piece to Glass Knives!

REKOSINSKI

art - page 09

almondcroissantsandink

SCHWA

art - page 22

schwaal

varied fandom interests. shouty when excited. draws sometimes.

STENS MCHENRY

writing - pages 43-44

EllwoodMcHenry

Stens writes original fiction and fics, shipping a variety of Star Wars pairings, GentleBeard, and Benoit/Phillip.

TALIESIN REX

art - page 41

bethrnoora
MOEBIUSSTRIPP

Taliesin is a New England-based amateur artist, writer, and aspiring swordsman. Hopefully the sword thing will never become convenient foreshadowing in a Rian Johnson whodunit.

TEE

art - page 24

casteeways

Tee is a Philippine-based digital illustrator who uses her favorite movies as an excuse to not only improve her skills but also to fangirl about how amazing these movies are.

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HEI

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to yours,*

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